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CAPTAIN JAMES BUMGARDNER.

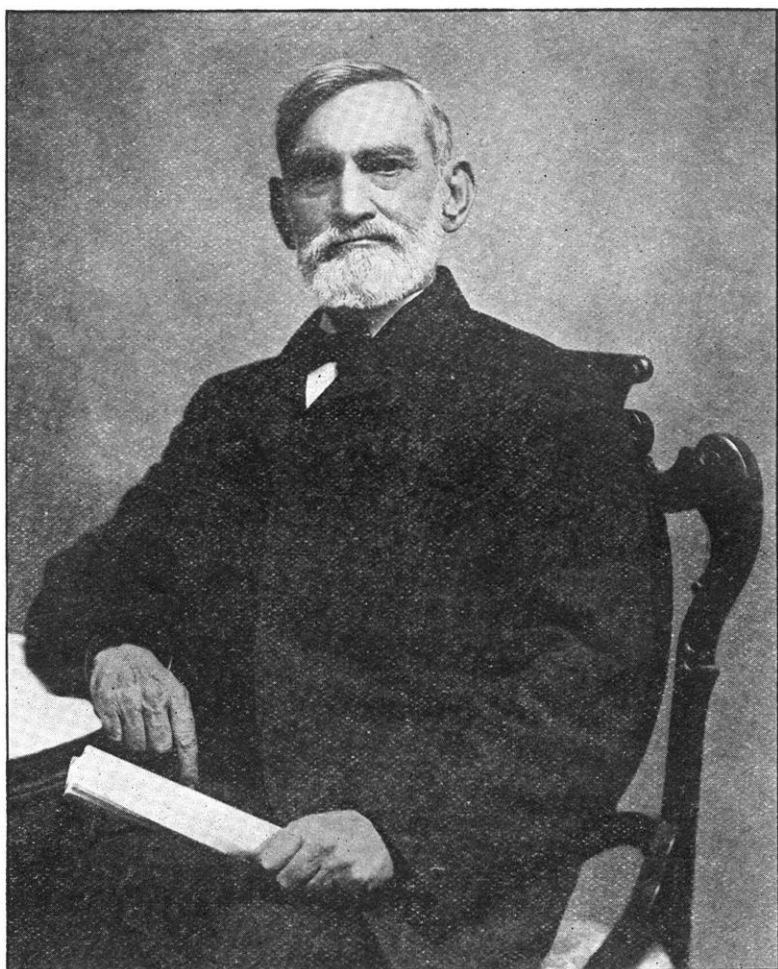
I

James Bumgardner was born on January 18, 1835, at Fayette, in Howard County, Mo., and was the eldest son of Lewis and Hetty Ann Bumgardner. His father was a native of Augusta County and his mother was a Kentucky girl, whose name was Halstead, of Lexington, Ky. They were pioneers in a new state but when James was twelve years old his father with his family came back to his old home in Virginia. The family lived first at Greenville, and later in Staunton, Va.

The rough, hard life of the frontier and rugged surroundings in his childhood no doubt strengthened his naturally vigorous constitution, and the experiences left a touch of the wild west about him that gave color to his ripe scholarship and culture, and to his manner, action, and expression.

His parents were well educated and lovers of books, and there was culture and refinement in their home. He was observant and quick to learn and loved books with a strong devotion but he was not a bookworm; he loved nature and her wilds too much for that. Strenuous as his after life became he ever turned to relaxing pleasures, to amusements and health-giving diversions. He waded the mountain streams with joyous glee, and fished for trout; he tramped the fields and climbed the hills and mountains, and plays and games were his delight—and he never missed a show nor a good play.

At an early age he was sent to an old field school where he was taught reading, writing and arithmetic, and where obedience was enforced by rod, rule and cuffs. He, however, soon passed beyond the old field teachers and was sent by his father to the Brownsburg Academy, a classical school of much merit, and where a number of Virginia's leading men received their education. He made rapid progress in his studies and in 1851 was prepared for college, and in the fall of that year entered the



CAPTAIN JAMES BUMGARDNER.

academic department as a student at the University of Virginia, where he spent two sessions in the academic schools. He was one of the founders at the University of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, which has since grown to be one of the leading College Fraternities, and at the time of his death he was the oldest in membership of the fraternity. Though very young for a university student he took a good stand in his classes, was admitted into the social life and entered into all the joys of the student life. They were happy years, those student years, and profitable. The charm and the sweetness about his life as a student he loved to recall; and he never lost interest in his old Alma Mater, and always turned to her with love and pride.

After leaving the University, he clerked, farmed and taught school for several years and then began the study of law in the office of Judge Hugh W. Sheffey in Staunton. Judge Sheffey was one of the most learned and profound lawyers of his day, and he took great interest in his young student. Young Bumgardner had expected to read law for awhile and then to go to the University of Virginia and finish his law course there, but he was such an apt student and made himself so useful in the office that Judge Sheffey thought he could not part with him, and in 1859 he was admitted to practice and at once was received as a partner of Judge Sheffey under the style of Sheffey and Bumgardner, and this partnership continued until the death of Judge Sheffey on April 4th, 1889.

Judge Sheffey had a large and wide practice and his young partner was given an opportunity to develop the best in him in his profession from the start, and soon gave indication of his worth. From a mere boy he had longed to be a lawyer, a court lawyer, *a real lawyer*. This longing was not a mere romantic longing; he knew what he longed for, and willed it. Burning with enthusiasm like lava, he labored at his profession at whatever he found to do before him like a true laboring man, never troubling himself whether it rained or shined, or whether there was trouble and discouraging circumstances surrounding him until his task was finished. Then he relaxed, like the best laborer must do, or soon cease to do good work.

II

Young Bumgardner in 1856 with other Staunton and Augusta County boys had organized a Company known as the West Augusta Guard, a company that has since become famous, historic, baptized in blood and storm. This Company among others was called out to stop the raid and capture Brown and his followers. As Lieutenant of his Company young Bumgardner was present and took a hand in the capture of John Brown and his associates at Harper's Ferry in the Fall of 1859, and there he first saw and came under the command of the matchless Lee, and later Lieut. Bumgardner was on duty with his Company at Brown's execution in Charlestown.

Young Bumgardner did his first political speaking in the campaign of 1860, for John Bell. He was an earnest whig.

Whigs were conservative. They were Union people, but they believed as their fathers had believed—that the state could retire from the Union without lawless change; that such an act was not an act of revolution but a legal and solemn transaction; and to be effected by the same means by which the state had entered the Union. He used to say in his public addresses "that when Virginia seceded her people had no choice, they had to go with her. She was the sovereign voice commanding, and her people had to obey. Her territory was about to be invaded. The sacred inner circle of her civilization was threatened. Virginia was our home, it held all her precious heritages, and her's was our first love and allegiance: There was no alternative, and if Virginia seceded we must go with her, and if armies were sent to invade her we must defend her." There was rallying to and fro—the marshalling of hosts to repel the invaders. It was the defense of home and fireside, and all the sacred heritages of life. At the time Virginia seceded the whole country, North and South had gone war mad—war was inevitable. The contention had grown so strong and tense that it was a relief to have war—it was a relief for war to come.

On the very day that Virginia seceded young Bumgardner's Company was called out and ordered to Harper's Ferry. General Harper, of Augusta County was in command of the forces at Harper's Ferry, together with Major General Wm. H. Har-

man. In a short time, however, Thomas J. Jackson was placed in command and there was a general re-organization. Harper was made Colonel of the 5th Virginia Regiment, and Harman was made Lieut.-Colonel of that Regiment, and young Bumgardner was appointed Adjutant of the Regiment. The Regiment (The 5th Va.) was made up of Staunton and Augusta County (men) Companies, except two companies from Winchester. Young Bumgardner's old Company—the West Augusta Guard—became in the re-organization at Harper's Ferry Co. L of the 5th Va. Reg. and was a part of the historic brigade, which after the Battle of Bull Run was known as "Stonewall Brigade," and Thomas J. Jackson was, after that battle known, and will ever be known, as he and his brigade march down the ages, as Stonewall Jackson, and will live among the immortals. Young Bumgardner, as Regimental Adjutant of the 5th Va., was almost daily for the first year of the war brought in contact with Jackson, the great soldier, and first under him learned the habits and the spirit of a soldier and how to obey orders. In May, 1862, young Bumgardner was elected 2nd Lieut. of Company A of the 52nd Regiment, and in 1862 was elected Captain of Company F of that Regiment, and in that capacity served continuously until his career as a soldier in the field was ended, on September 19, 1864, when he was captured at the battle of Winchester and made a prisoner of war.

From the beginning of the war until he was captured at Winchester, September 19th, he was in the hottest of the fight. He was with Jackson at Bull Run in 1861. He followed Jackson in his marches and counter-marches that tried human endurance to the limit, and was with that great soldier in his celebrated Valley Campaign and was in every battle that that hero fought until his end in warfare came at Chancellorsville. During the fierce sixties, Capt. Bumgardner was engaged in 43 different engagements, and was in the thickest of the fight in the great battles of Gaines's Mill, Second Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and Cold Harbor. He was with Early in his Pennsylvania Campaign, and in his daring raid upon Washington in the summer of 1864. His military career ended, however, when he was captured, and until June 20th, 1865, he was confined as a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware.

At the battle of Spottsylvania Court House the enemy at the salient of Bloody Angle rushed against our line at the salient like the raging sea. They with overwhelming forces swept over our breastworks, and then there was a hand to hand struggle, fierce and furious. Our works were taken for a little less than a mile, about four thousand of our men were captured and two of our Generals, Edward Johnson and Geo. H. Stewart were killed. Lee, ever watchful and knowing, had placed three thousand veterans in command of Gen. Gordon, in the rear of the salient as reserves. When the smoke and dust had cleared away it was seen that the enemy had possession of our works. It looked like our army might be cut in two, and its fate was hanging in the balance. The reserves immediately fell in line. At this critical moment General Lee appeared on his old war horse, and seeing the fate of his army at stake rode to the front of the three thousand reserves and took off his hat and was pointing toward the captured line. Captain Bumgardner, who was present, said that the effect of General Lee appearing in person at the front was wonderful. No burning oratory had ever so stirred and set men's souls on fire. His presence was like the re-enforcement of many thousand men. Lee at the front meant, Follow your General! That brave band that he was offering to lead, however, knew that everything depended on the fate of their great General, and as Captain Bumgardner said in one of his memorial orations, "There at once burst out from three thousand lips the cry, 'General Lee to the rear,' and not a foot would stir until he was led back through a gap in the line; and then the word was given and the line moved forward without pause, or waver, or break, right on, up to the very face of the solid opposing mass; on, 'till sabres clashed and bayonets crossed; on, 'till the first line was driven back in confusion upon the second, and the first and second upon the third; on, and into the angle of the salient, where batteries, massed on right, and massed on left, poured in a storm of shot and shell upon either flank, and still on, pressing back the stubborn heavy mass, covering the earth in piles with the slain, 'till the enemy, his organization lost in confusion, retired from the dreadful carnage, yielded back the captured works, and the crisis passed and the field was saved."

The opening in the line through which General Lee was taken to the rear was through Captain Bumgardner's Company, the color company of the 52nd Regiment, and Captain Bumgardner always deemed it one of the most precious experiences of his life to have seen that greatest soldier of the English race in that supreme moment at the head of his army ready to lead the charge.

III

Back at home from prison and the war over he at once turned his mind from the strife and turmoil and ruins of the past four years and became absorbed in his profession, and in the work of building up his State. He was one of the many followers of the great Lee, who wanted to forget the ugly dream about the war and its horrors, and to keep his attention fixed on the work of today and tomorrow. He realized that those who wanted to go on brooding over the past and gone were not fit to do well their part in the new world that had to be put in order as soon as possible. He had no time for fuss and fury and useless sentiment about the war and reserved all of his energy for the practical business before him. He believed in doing things. He was alert and inspired with a firm purpose to help to bring order out of chaos, and to put his State back in her old and honorable place in the Union, and to make her a new and even better land to live in.

He united with the leading citizens of Staunton and Augusta County in a movement for the seceded states to stand as if they had never been out of the union, thus accepting the Northern theory that a State could not secede. This movement, in which Captain Bumgardner as a veteran of the great war took an active part was thought well of in the South, and was everywhere approved. Elections were called and held on the old basis of ante bellum times. Representatives to Congress were elected everywhere in the seceded territory. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, who had been a member of Filmore's Cabinet was one of the Congressmen elected from Virginia. State and county officers and representatives were elected, and it looked like the old order of things was about to be restored, and Captain Bumgardner was elected Commonwealth's Attorney for

Augusta County, and his partner Hugh W. Sheffey, was elected Judge of the Circuit Court. Extreme radicalism, however, prevailed in Congress over reason and patriotism, and the wise statesman, Lincoln, was not there to calm the storm and restore good will, and the admission of Southern representatives was refused. Then came the dark days of re-construction, and Virginia was not restored to a place in the Union until after the Underwood Constitution had been adopted in 1869. All State officers were removed and a military government was established. A military officer was appointed to fill the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for Augusta County, but strange as it may seem, Captain Bumgardner was invited to continue to perform the duties of the office and to receive the salary, although everybody knew that there never lived a more loyal Southerner, and a more earnest rebel than the Captain. He accepted the offer upon the earnest solicitation of his many friends, thinking in that way that he would have an opportunity to better serve his people in a trying time. His prestige as a soldier and his official position gave him marked influence with the Federal authorities and he, with other leading citizens of the state, did much to stay and to protect our people from the evils of reconstruction, so that Virginia suffered little from military rule and in the white sections hardly felt the hand of oppression or of misrule. He did the work of the office and received the emoluments during the entire reconstruction period, and upon resumption of the State government he was elected to the office in 1870, and held it continuously under re-elections until 1883, when, on account of pressure of private professional work he declined to stand further for election.

When Captain Bumgardner first ran for the Commonwealth's Attorney, directly after the war, he was opposed by an able and experienced lawyer who had wide influence and belonged to one of the most influential families of Augusta County. The Captain was young and not well known throughout the county. He had little hope of being elected, and was elected by a very small majority, and would have been defeated but for a generous act to a fellow soldier during the war. On Sunday before the election, a number of persons at Salem Church in the Northern part

of the County were talking about the candidates for Commonwealth's Attorney. They all knew the distinguished lawyer who was opposing Captain Bumgardner but none of them knew him. While they were talking a young ex-confederate soldier, Frank Houff, came among them, and they asked him if he knew Captain Bumgardner. Young Houff replied, "Of course, I know him. I would not be here but for him, he saved my life. I was severely wounded at Kearnstown, our army was retreating before the enemy and I was trying to escape, but from loss of blood I fell by the wayside. Captain Bumgardner, who was Adjutant of the Regiment, came galloping by and seeing me struggling to get up, dismounted and helped me and another wounded soldier, John Poague, on his horse and we escaped and the Captain fled on foot." Every man who heard Houff tell of this generous act voted for Captain Bumgardner and without their votes he would not have been elected.

He saw and appreciated the importance of developing our natural resources. He realized that the war had been won by the great fabric of iron and coal and commerce of the North. We did not have the money for development, we were poor, and it was necessary to invite capital and enterprise here to open our mines, and to build mills and shops and railroads. He showed a broad-mindedness and shook hands with our foes across the old bloody chasm and invited them to come down and help us build up a new South, and few men did more than he to bring the North and the South together and to pour into Virginia the gold and silver streams of commerce.

IV

Shortly after Capt. Bumgardner returned home from prison, he and his partner, Judge Sheffey, became active in their efforts to secure the building of the Valley Railroad from Harrisonburg to Lexington, and on February 23, 1866, they obtained a charter for the road from the Virginia Legislature. On April 4, 1866, delegates met in Staunton from the Valley towns and counties for the purpose of taking the proper steps to secure the subscription of sufficient stock for the organization of the company under the charter. Judge Sheffey presided at the meet-

ing, and Captain Bumgardner was the active spirit of the meeting. The stock was all later subscribed and the company organized with General Robert E. Lee as President, and it was largely through General Lee's influence that the City of Baltimore became interested and subscribed \$1,000,000.00 to the capital stock. Captain Bumgardner was elected one of the first directors of the company and his firm, Sheffey and Bumgardner, was made counsel for the Railroad Company, and his connection with the company continued to the time of his death, a period of unbroken service of over fifty years.

V

Captain Bumgardner was never a politician, but was deeply interested in all public questions, and for many years was Chairman of the Democratic party for Augusta County, and he was recognized as one of the leading political speakers and debaters in Virginia. In 1876 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago when John Hancock was nominated as candidate for the Presidency. In 1886 he was nominated as candidate for Congress in his District. He had not sought the nomination. That was during the period of the readjuster movement in Virginia, and the District was doubtful. He was opposed by a very popular and able man who was elected over Captain Bumgardner by a small majority. The campaign was a heated and interesting one and was managed by William Mahone, who was probably one of the ablest political organizers that Virginia has ever known. Captain Bumgardner had never been ambitious politically, and he did not feel the defeat. He was not a person to mourn over losses, or to be cast down by failure. He continued to take an active part as a speaker in every important political campaign to the end of his life, and he always voted regularly the democratic ticket except in the Bryan, or Free Silver Campaign in 1896, when he with others organized the Palmer-Buckner party in Virginia, and he was Chairman of the Convention that met in Richmond in 1896 to send delegates to the National Convention that nominated Palmer and Buckner.

VI

The reputation of Captain Bumgardner, however, was not

based alone on his experiences in war, or in politics or public office, but chiefly as a lawyer. Few men have surpassed him in the knowledge of the law and in the application of the law to the case in hand. He had the rare gift to know material facts, and how to use them, both in building up his own case and in tearing down that of his adversary. His mind was both synthetic and analytic. He never failed to see the strong points in his own case and the weak points in the case of his adversary. When he represented the plaintiff, he built up his case as far as possible without a hole in the armor or a point exposed, and when he appeared for the defendant, he never failed to see and to assail the weak points of the plaintiff's case. And he was an adept in developing and marshalling his evidence so as to present the greatest strength. When he had a good case, he always presented it to the best advantage, and when he appeared in a weak case, he never tried to mislead the court or jury by a misstatement or exaggeration of the evidence, or by an appeal to unworthy passions.

Captain Bumgardner did not always appear to the best advantage in presenting cases to courts and juries. He was like other men touched with genius, he varied; his subject and his antagonist had to be worthy of his steel. I have known lawyers, able in little cases, who were weak in big cases—they did not have the courage and the force; but Captain Bumgardner was able and masterful, and wonderful in the manifestation of his gifts when in an important case, or in a case that appealed to right and justice, and to his heart; and then no one could surpass him as a lawyer and advocate. The time, the place, and the subject were necessary to bring out his best efforts.

I have never known a lawyer who could make a clearer statement of his case, either to a court or to a jury. He had the rare gift of stating the facts of his case, in his opening, in such a way that they were almost as convincing as an argument; and the controlling facts he presented so clearly and with such force and interest to the jury, that they had almost the effect of facts proven; and when he had developed the evidence to sustain his statement, he had nearly always won his case.

In examining his witnesses in chief, he brought out every material fact that a witness knew, and presented his evidence with

such system, order, and strength, that it was hard to break down. He was a searching cross examiner, but he always examined with discretion and judgment. He fully realized that nearly as many cases are lost as are won on cross examination, and I never knew him to press an inquiry without reasonable expectation of strengthening his case. He brought every fact before the court or jury, and wasted no time on the mere details, or on the minor points of his case. When a case was worthy of his efforts, it possessed him, and he imparted to it all the force and strength of his being, and all became interest from start to the finish. He seemed to know and feel every thought and emotion of the actors, many times intensified, and the matter in controversy was made a living subject.

When it came to the argument, he had no thought of self. He was possessed with the weight of his convictions, forgetful of his surroundings, of everything except the truths he had to utter. He had the orator's temperament; he had more than the ordinary passions of our nature. He had a highly delicate and emotional system, with a clear, strong intellect, and had the voice and strength to give utterance to his thoughts and feelings. His thoughts and feelings took possession of his hearers, because they came burning from his soul. He developed and presented the strong points of his case to the jury in every conceivable light, and laid bare and exposed the weak points in the case of his adversary. Every material fact was given weight, and every material circumstance was made to cast its shadow or to flash its light. He wove his evidence together, and strengthened it with logic and illustrated his telling points with anecdotes, and illuminated all with flashes of eloquence, adorned with a style rich in simile and metaphor. He could present the facts in the most entangled and abstruse case, ready for the understanding of the plain, ordinary man, and thus often won poor cases because his adversary could not make the jury understand his viewpoint of the case.

He had a wide range of practice, both in the State and Federal Courts, and few if any lawyers ever argued more cases before the Supreme Court of his State; and he was always the same alert and self-possessed man, whether before a State tribu-

nal or before the Supreme Court of the United States; and he will always be remembered as one of Virginia's greatest lawyers.

He retained his faculties and strength to the last, and after more than sixty years at the bar, could prepare pleadings, write briefs and present cases to courts and juries with the same old fire and spirit.

During a long and comparatively wide experience at the bar, the greatest jury speech I have ever heard was delivered by Captain Bumgardner in the case of *Lucy A. Curtis v. Adrian V. Curtis*, in the Circuit Court of Augusta County, at the May term, 1889, in which there was a verdict for the plaintiff. Lucy A. Curtis, the plaintiff, was a charming young woman, who had been abandoned by her husband K. Curtis, and the abandonment was caused by the evil influence of the husband's mother, the defendant. The suit was for the alienation of the affections of the plaintiff's husband. The evidence showed that the plaintiff was a good wife; that she and her husband had lived happily together until the defendant, the mother-in-law, interfered; that the defendant had poisoned the mind of the plaintiff's husband, and had turned him against his wife; that he had abandoned her and had gone to a far Western state, with the only child of the marriage, a beautiful child about four years old; and had left the plaintiff heartbroken. William E. Craig, who was then United States District Attorney, appeared with Captain Bumgardner for the plaintiff, and the defendant was represented by distinguished counsel, George M. Harrison, H. St. George Tucker, and Allen Caperton Braxton, and the trial was a battle royal. Mr. Braxton said to me not long before his death, that of the many speeches he had heard at the bar, he had never heard one that equalled Captain Bumgardner's concluding argument in that case.

In that great speech, Captain Bumgardner was burning with the truths that he uttered, and he expressed them in every possible form of expression, and enforced what he said with voice, look, and gesture. His chest heaved, his large, black and brilliant eyes flashed the light of his soul, his whole frame quivered with emotion, and at times his action was violent and his voice thundered; but behind it all one felt his masterful and dominant will, and that the man was greater than his speech. Many of his

beautiful and thrilling appeals affected one like grand music, and one's eyes would fill with happy tears, other passages fired one with contempt, indignation and anger, and one felt like taking the defendant out and ducking her; and then again there was a strain of sweetness that seemed to come from the charmed and sacred places of the household gods, and one was impressed with that power that we associate with all the warmth and love and fullness of life. His hearers were enraptured with interest, and their faces appeared eager to hear every word and to secure every impression, like one enraptured with music.

VII

Captain Bumgardner was tenderly human, with smiles for the happy and joyous and with tears and sympathy for the distressed and discouraged, and with hands ever ready to help them who needed help. He had an intense love for his fellow beings, he loved their society. He never desired to go up into a high mountain where he could see no more of mankind. The sweet fellowship of life was the very spirit of his existence; and he wanted to see the world filled with art and beauty, and sweet melodies, and the sunshine of life in every home.

When the great World War broke out, Capt. Bumgardner was in sympathy with the Allies, and was bitter in his feelings towards the Central Powers. He said that it was apparent that it was the purpose of the Central Powers to trample down under foot "all that was beautiful and all that was good as a brute tramples the daisies." When they showed contempt for our rights, insulted our flag and destroyed our ships, his feelings and passions arose like a storm. He could not understand why we should sit idle and look on at the great World War, while we were insulted, our property destroyed, our citizens killed and human rights trampled under foot and humanity outraged. And these were the sentiments of the flower of the land. The masses of the country, however, were hard to arouse, but after awhile that shout of humanity for the right came to us like the voice of the sea in its rush and roar and wild cry, and we became as one man around our great President, ready to do and to die for the right. When war was declared, his appeals to his countrymen were full of his old fire and eloquence, and it was a sorrow to him

that he could not join the boys and go with them to the great battle-fields across the sea.

VIII

His home was a charmed circle and typical of old Virginia hospitality. His love of his home town and county was intense. He was a Virginian of the highest type. He loved Virginia for her great History, for her great names and historic places, her Jamestown and Yorktown, her Fredericksburg and Richmond, her Petersburg and Lexington, her Winchester and Staunton and her Mt. Vernon and Monticello, names made sacred and that will remain forever in American History. As he used to say, 'it is not the big places that inspire us, when we look into history, and when we wish to catch the spirit of inspiration and to become imbued with the brooding spirit of the beautiful, we turn to Athens, Venice and Naples, and when we wish to be inspired with pristine virtue we turn to Sparta and to old Rome before she grew big.

Captain Bumgardner lived a busy and useful life and he was generous to a fault, if generosity can be a fault, and was beloved by everyone who knew him. It is said that the dead only carry with them their kindnesses to others and that the living have only that love in their hearts which they have given to others, and no man's heart was fuller of love than Captain Bumgardner's. He saw and appreciated the desperate inequalities of life, and his great soul went out to suffering and neglected children and to unfortunate and unhappy men and women. He did not look above in ecstasy, but was aflame because of them whose sorrows were bared before his eyes, in his own town and in the nearby country side. When there was need for help, money to him was like leaves, he gave all that he had and no one was ever more enriched in spirit. He was a man of warm flesh and blood, he was human, very human but one of the best of men. He was made of the stuff of the living world and believed in the efforts of men and women and that their best efforts are put forth to make the world a better place to live in and to fill it with the joy of life and to people it with earnest workers, artists, men of science and makers of beauty and discoverers of truth. He wanted to see the world everywhere filled with sweet comfort.

He was an interesting conversationalist and a good listener.

He was cultured and learned and had the historic sense without which scholarship is a failure. It was profit and a joy to converse with him. There was culture and learning, color and light and shadow, and striking anecdotes running through all that he said, and whenever he stopped on the streets he was soon surrounded by people to be entertained and to enjoy his good fellowship. One was not only impressed and moved by what he said but by his impulsive and *sui generis* manner, movements and gesture.

He was a joyous companion in sports. He loved to go with kindred spirits to the rivers, lakes or mountains with tents, rods, guns and canoes, wearing primitive clothes and to sleep on the ground and to cook over camp fires. He was a little under medium stature and spare, but strong and active and no one of his party could endure more and enjoy it. I have often heard him say that there was no such rest or recreation for him as to go out and live in the open by a stream or lake or in the forests or in the mountains and to sleep at night on the ground by a camp fire.

Pessimism never touched him and there was never to the last any winter in his heart. He had a broad, deep and earnest faith in the destiny of humanity at large. He loved all living things and his heart beat with others and his mind was in sympathy with the new and growing thoughts of the world. He associated with the young and was ever interested in the joyous life about him. After a short illness, the end came on the 2nd day of September, 1917. And he died the death of a good man who had developed the best in him and who had done all that he could for others.

His body was laid among the graves of his ancestors, in the old cemetery at Bethel Church, in Augusta County, near the home of his boyhood, in the neighborhood where he had roamed the hills and hunted game, and had enjoyed to the full the sweet, fresh country life, and where there is no place near that did not bring to him in life sweet and precious memories.

"This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower."

CHARLES CURRY.

Staunton, Va.